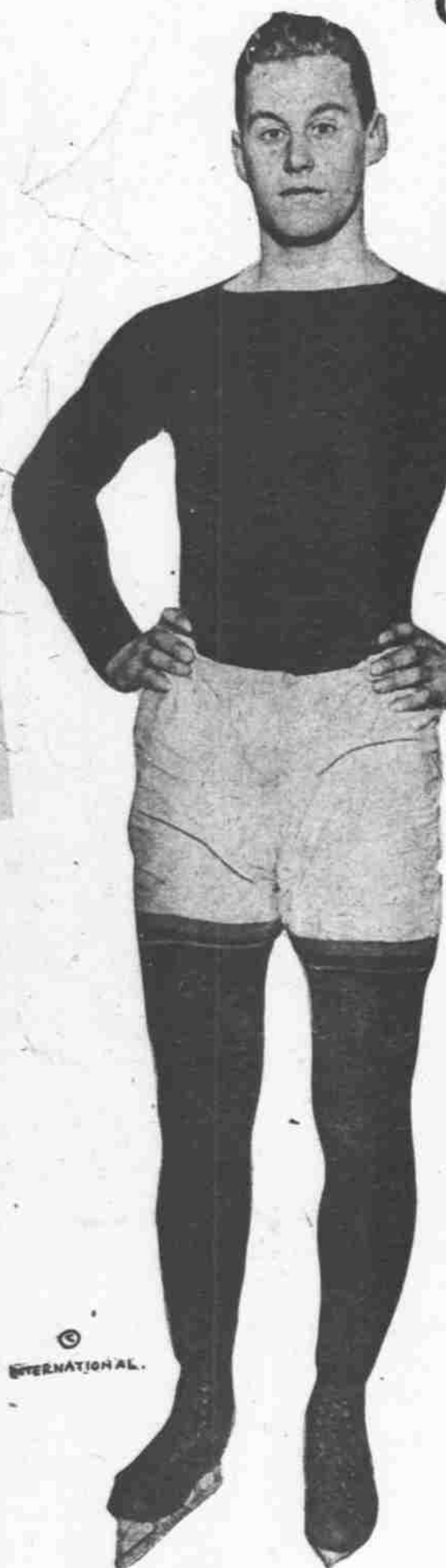
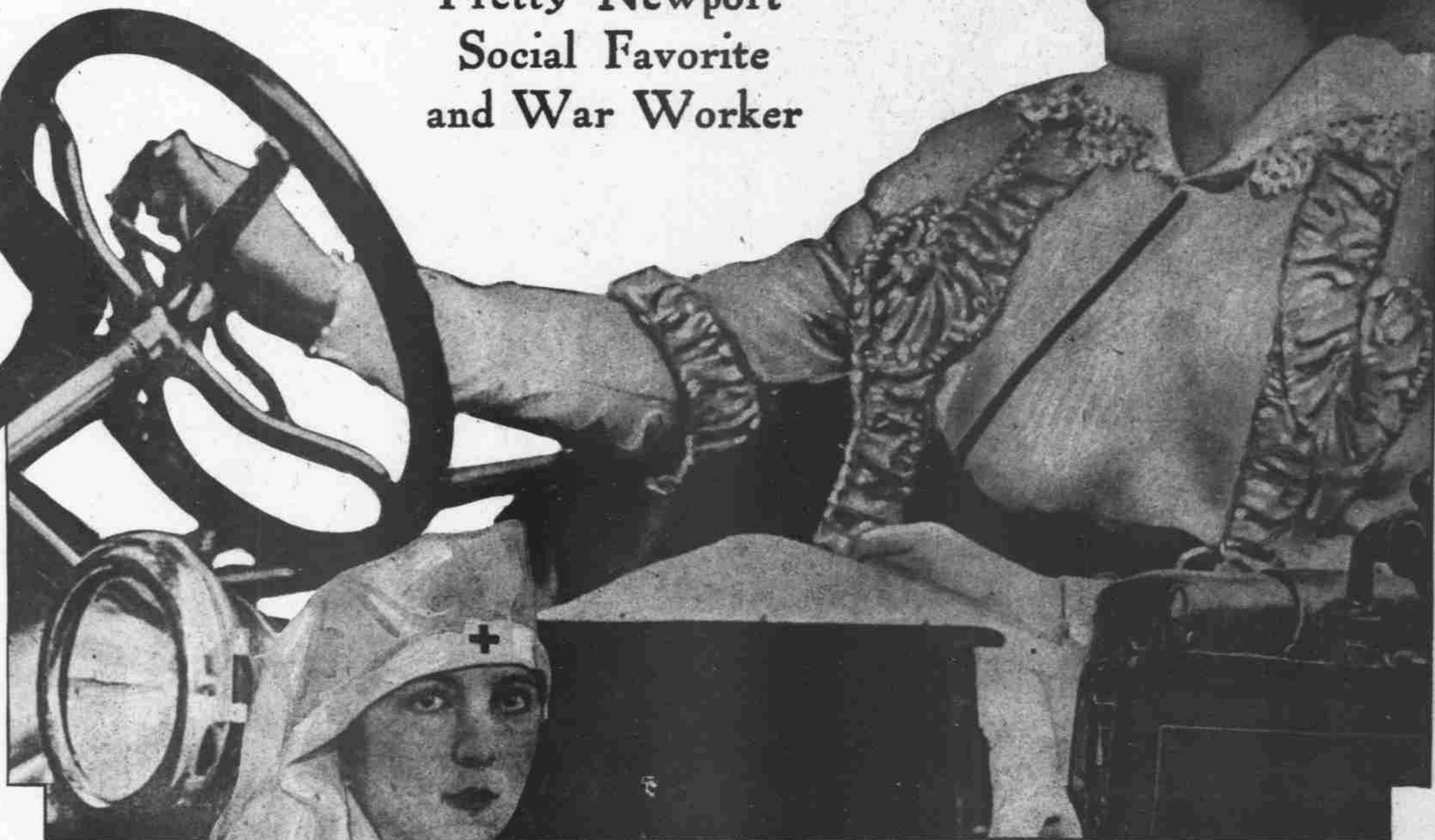


Miss Mimi Scott's War Romance

Fashionable Society Delightfully Thrilled by the
Charming Love Drama of Lieut.
Baker, a Princeton Hero, and the
Pretty Newport
Social Favorite
and War Worker



Lieutenant "Hobey" Baker as He Looked When
Winning for Princeton Brilliant Victories in
Hockey Which He Is Now Duplicating
for His Country in the Air.



Miss Mimi Scott, the American Heiress, Whom Love Found Behind the Battle Line in France
Where She Was Heroically Helping Care for Refugees Driven from Their Homes
by the Advancing Germans.



Another Photograph of Miss Scott in the Red-Cross Uniform She Was Wearing When
Lieutenant Baker Romantically Dropped Into Her Life Again—
This Time to Remain Forever.

FACTION is never so strange as every day reality in times like these. Our newspapers afford us more thrills and are far more enthralling than the very best "best seller." The love story, for example, of Miss Mimi Scott, of New York and Newport, forms one of the most delightful and unusual romances that one could imagine. It is full of surprises and thrills, sorrow and happiness, and yet it is just a true story of everyday life. That is, as life is lived in blood-red France.

Before the United States declared war Miss Scott was one of Newport's greatest belles. She had scores of suitors who longed to marry her, and that she was a great heiress and beauty goes without saying. A year ago she sailed for France to help Mrs. Vincent Astor in her work among destitute women and children. She sailed away "heart whole and fancy free," and to-day she is being congratulated on her engagement to Hobart Baker, son of Alfred Thornton Baker, of Philadelphia, former famous Princeton athlete, and one of the most daring of the American aviators in Europe!

In fact, by the time this tale is read Miss Scott may have become Mrs. Baker, because, you see, marriages move very swiftly nowadays in France, and the young people are madly in love.

Miss Mimi Scott has a delightfully interesting background. She is the only daughter of the late George J. Scott, of New York, and consequently the only grandchild and heiress of Mrs. George Scott, whose estate on Bellevue avenue is one of Newport's loveliest show places.

Her mother, a great beauty, was the Countess Jeanne de Gauville, daughter of a French nobleman well known in this country. She died when Mimi was a baby, and of course Mr. Scott took his small daughter home to his mother and his sister Louise.

Early in her childhood Mimi came to a realization as to her wealth and importance, but this knowledge did not influence her unpleasantly, almost the contrary. As she grew older she became rather serious minded and inclined to good works. When she was fifteen, for instance, she

wanted to enter a convent, or, failing that, to go as a missionary to Africa! True, to tradition, no one denied the heiress this odd wish, but Aunt Lou made up a party of young people carefully picked from the exclusive Newport families and, putting Mimi in the middle of the group took them all off to Europe. At the end of the Summer Mimi returned perfectly content to let the heathen alone and the convent as well.

She went to boarding school, and the next thing came the announcement that she was going to write a book. And so, you see, this young lady of fortune, heir to wealth that ran way up into millions, was just a normal school girl, after all. The Summer that Mimi came out was a gala season for Newport. It was in July, 1914, just a few days before Germany declared war, that George Scott died. For more than a year his daughter withdrew from society and devoted herself to working for the various French and Belgian charities. She spent five hours every day at the Red Cross making surgical dressings and bandages, and when nothing else needed to be done she made layettes for the poor little war babies "over there."

Then came our entry into the war. This happened just at the time when our heroine was planning to return to her former social life. She intended, of course, to keep on with her Red Cross work, but she felt that she might now begin to dance and play a bit. Our declaration of war, however, changed her whole scheme of life, and ten days later she entered the Women's Hospital, way uptown in New York, and began her nursing course.

All Summer, when Newport was in the wildest throes of excitement. When her young friends were flirting and frivolous with the myriads of Naval Reserve students stationed round about the colony. Miss Scott worked from eight o'clock in

the morning until six o'clock at night every day and Sunday in the hospital wards. She had no time for parties, nor even for beaux. When she went off duty every night she was so dog-tired she dropped off to sleep at dinner many, many times.

Hospital work is deadly work even for girls whose muscles have been used to hard work, and whose lives have been, oh, so different from our pretty heroine's. This girl, who had never had fewer than twenty servants to wait upon her, who had two French maids to do her slightest bidding, spent ten hours daily waiting on the pauper sick, scrubbing grimy backs and rubbing aching arms and legs, and always on her feet, with practically never a chance to rest! All this she did so that she might become fitted to go overseas and help nurse our wounded soldiers. It was the highest form of patriotism that kept her at her self-appointed labors.

Last November, her course of training ended, Miss Scott sailed for France, expecting to be stationed as a nurse's aid at one of the American base hospitals. At that time, however, General Pershing did not want aids in these hospitals, so Miss Scott was sent to one of the devastated sectors with Mrs. Astor to work among the children. Refugees were then being sent back from behind the German lines at the rate of a thousand a day, and Miss Scott had her hands full.

One afternoon in June Miss Scott was standing in the doorway of the refuge watching a battle plane which was flying unusually low. There were two men in

the machine; one had his glasses trained on a patch of woods some distance away. Suddenly the great plane circled higher and then floated easily to earth in the flat meadow across from the refuge. The aviator hurried over to our heroine, and thus did her great romance come to her.

It is said that Mimi looks even more distracting in her nurse's cap and kerchief than she ever did in her liveliest and most expensive party frocks. The aviator, who was unrecognizable because of his helmet, let fall his words very quickly—he has always been speedy in everything.

"There's three kids lying in a heap in that woods over there. I don't know whether they're dead or alive, but something ought to be done. Can you take 'em in here? I'll go and get 'em."

Not giving Miss Scott a chance to reply he disappeared round the side of the refuge and in another minute was clanking over the rough fields in the only Ford the nurses possessed.

Miss Scott watched the Ford disappear toward the woods that were fully a mile away. Then watched it come back again, and from the car fell three dirty, ragged youngsters, all girls, less than ten years old.

They had been wandering in the woods two days with nothing to eat, and they were literally starving to death when the airman's powerful glasses brought them into view. Of course they were fed and washed and put to bed, the strange manner waiting around outside until all this was done.

Then out came Miss Scott, and there stood a man whose face, seen without his helmet, seemed oddly familiar. He grinned. "It's a long time since I saw you last, Miss Scott. And this place is not much like Princeton, is it?"

"Princeton!" exclaimed Miss Scott. "Why, you are 'Hobey' Baker, and we all had lunch together after the game! How long ago that seems! And now you are fighting over here."

Which was all perfectly true. Although she had long ago forgotten that football game and subsequent lunch at Princeton, and she had never since recalled Baker, the greatest hockey player ever produced by Princeton or any other American college. Neither our hero nor our heroine had been carrying round memory pictures of each other, but they did develop a mighty sudden interest right away in each other.

"Hobey," as all the sporting world knew him, is now Lieutenant Baker, but Miss Scott cared little for his title. She just wanted to make him a cup of tea, and, yes, he must have some cigarettes and so on. He stayed an hour, perhaps two—the once starving children were asleep and somehow he found himself telling of the tragedies he had seen. How many they were!

She in turn had her tragedies to tell. It was queer, but these two, who had met four years before in the beautiful town of Princeton, amid normal peaceful surroundings, never referred to their lives at home.

To all intents, not only life but the

world began with their meeting over those three wretched babies. This happened in June. That same month they met again, only this time it was in an evacuation hospital back of the lines where Nurse Mimi was at last swabbing the wounds and bandaging the fractures of her fellow countrymen. Baker flew over one day to visit a brother aviator wounded to the death, and he and Nurse Mimi remained by the bedside until the gallant young flyer "went west."

No one, of course, knows when he declared his love. He seemed to have so little time when he did come to earth, but evidently these first two visits settled matters for them both. A man and a girl who have gone through such experiences together as this Princeton hockey player and this Newport belle did during that month of June could never be casual acquaintances. It was one of war's paradoxes that they should have their greatest happiness when they were helping others to endure great sorrows.

In July Miss Scott was ordered to Paris by her superior officer to rest up. She was trotting through the Bois her second morning with Mrs. Astor when Lieutenant Baker jumped from an official gray car. He, too, was in Paris for the week, and what a week they had!

This time no immediate tragedy faced them, and they could not help forgetting the cloud of terror that hovered to the north of them. They were in love, and it was Paris! From letters received in September and by putting two and two together, Miss Scott's family and friends have decided that the great question was settled during that week.

By August Nurse Mimi was back at her post, working twenty hours a day, and always with that strained, aching look in the eyes that women wear whose hearts are somewhere in that great gray fighting mass in France or Flanders. Of course, there were flying visits—literally "flying"—to keep up her spirit, but the day finally came when she scribbled her grandmother not to be surprised to hear of her marriage any day.

She and "Hobey," she wrote, both felt that under the circumstances they would get what happiness they could, when they could. The day the cable was sent Baker was sent to another sector, one that is too active to be mentioned, and, alas, too active to permit of those aforesaid "flying" visits to his sweetheart. So, at the moment, the question of their marriage is on the knees of the gods.

The three baby refugees? They have been adopted for life by Nurse Mimi and "Hobey," and their fortune will undoubtedly be as happy as the future of their guardian angels, which does not mean that Nurse Mimi will bring the children up as her own, but that she and "Hobey" have settled enough money on them to have them carefully reared and trained in France. In the meantime "Hobey" is giving of his best in a glorious manner to his country, just as formerly he gave his best to his college. And Mimi takes care of her wounded and waits. Waits as millions of other women wait.